

A most lamentable and
Tragicall historie, contey-
ning the outrageous and horrible ty-
rannie which a Spanishe gentlewoman
named Violenta executed vpon her
louer Didaco, because he es-
poused another beyng
first betrothed
vnto her.

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Butter dwelling in Paules
Churchyarde nere to S.
Austines gate at the
signe of the
Shippe.
1576.



¶ To the Right worship-
full Sir Thomas Gresham

knight, &c. T. A. wytheeth Nestors
yeares with increase of vertue
and prosperitie.



O discourse of the
furious tirannie of the booc-
herly *Medea*, in dismem-
bring the innocent infante
Abfyreus her owne naturall brother, and
scattering his martyred limmes in the hie
waye where her father shoulde passe,
were but a losse labour. Or to vnfold the
the horrible crueltie of the beastly *Progne*,
in murdering her owne chylde *Iphis*, and
roasting his fleshe, to present the same ro
her husbände *Tereus* in a Banquet, were
but vaine taken traueyle, and time alto-
gether mispended, which might other-
wyse haue beene farre better employed.
Those are but Ethnicke examples, farre
fette, and a wonderfull waye distant from
our climate both by Sea and Lande: and
committed among such barbarous people,
A. 11. that

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

that had no knowledge of any God nor yet of any sparke of Ciuilitie. Neyther shall wee neede to traueyle so farre for the matter. Let vs but cast our eyes ouer the sea here into Spaine, that lyeth in the hart of Christendome, where God is knowen and honoured, mutiall amitie frequented, and all kinde of good order and ciuilitie obserued, and let vs see what hath there happened. Surely, an example so terrible, thar it would moue any true Christian to teares, yea and make his haire to stand vp-right, for horror, in thinking of so detestable a fact: which in fewe wordes was this: *Didaco*, a Spanishe knight, borne, and brought vp in *Valence*, fell in loue with a poore mayden named, *Violenta*, of parentage very base, but of personage most excellent. And lingering lōg in frustrate sute (for he sought his purpose by meanes not correspondent to honestie) not beyng able to suppress the vehemencie of his affection, he married her priuile, and lyued in great blisse the space of a.xij. moneth, hauing recourse in the nyght time to her house. Howbeit in th'end he beganne to loath his former match and acquainting himselfe with another dame of equall cal-
ling

The Tragical Historie of *Didaco, and Violenta.*



Where Phoebus fire coming stēdes,
Their restless race doe ende:
And leaving our Horizon, to
Th' Antipodes doe wende.
Right there doth lye a famous soyle,
Whose farthest boundes of land:
Enuironed with the byzinthe floods,
Of Ocean Sea doe stand,
Whose weary waming weltring waues,
Against the Clifles doo roze:
And tumble forth their rowling streames,
And surges to the shore.
And then deuiding forth it selfe,
In seuerall armes againe:
Doth on his swelling tides, the waight
Of fleeting Barke sustayne.
Whereby an houghe beape of wealth,
And fruites of sundry sortes:
By entertraffique from a farre,
Are leuied to the Portes.
Long entercourse of nations straung,
Haue so enrichte the same:
That this from all Europaes boundes,
Hath bozne away the same.

105 TO The Tragickall historie
Our former auncetors haue tearmde,
The same Hesperia bight:
But tract of time p̄soud, the name
Iberia for to write.
Both names by great vertutie,
And iudgement founde, againe
Hispania the same at last,
Was callde, in Englishe Spaine.
Spayne therefore flowng ofte in wealth,
In buildinges fine and brane;
Of all the nations round about,
Deserues the crowne to haue.
The pleasaunt planted soyle thereof,
In eche respect excels:
The pompeuse Ilande Paphos, where
The goddess Venus dwelles.
And gorgeous glistering Guidos eke,
Wherreas her throne dooth rest:
Disfaire Ephesus where was kept,
A solemne p̄erely feast.
In chaste Dianæs sacred fance,
Whose building fine and rare:
Of all the monuments in Grèce,
The cheefest glory bare.
All these I say must stoupe, when as
Recorded is the same:
Of tooorthy Spayne, and yelde they must,
All honour to the same.

or Didaco, and Violenta.
If Champions skoute were requisite,
For Mars his grieffely traine:
A mighty campe of warlike Impes,
Might soone be had in Spayne.
In prowes like the Romane knightes,
Whose force so fierce in fælde:
Constraine the hunger starued Jewes,
Unto their yoke to yeelde.
And raunged forth so farre in fine,
That all the worlde at last:
Was subiect to their seruitude,
When many a boyle was past.
In courage, not inferiour,
Unto the Troiane knightes:
Whose valiant hartes and noble force,
Was tryde in sundry fyghtes.
Against the grieffely Crecian crue,
Whose engins strong did shake:
The Troiane walles so stoutly, that
The very grounde did quake.
And so in fine (but hauing fyrst
Sustayned many a foyle)
Did wooke the finall fall thereof,
In tearme of ten yeres foyle.
But yf the woorthy Troiane knightes,
Had had a Spanishe band,
Then surely the stately walles of Troy,
Unto this day should stand.

W. H.

And

The Tragicall historie
And yf that age so practised were,
And skil in feates of warre:
The raging Macedonian route,
Had neuer rom'd so farre.
Againe, if Territories braue,
Or stately Towers on hye:
With woorthy prayse deserue, to be
Extolled to the skye.
Then Spayne in that respect, is not
Inferiour to the rest:
But for the beantie rare thereof,
Coequal to the best.
Whose farthest limits with prospectes,
Of Cities large and strong:
Are fortified about and fence,
With bulwarkes great among.
In beantie like the stately forte,
Which Dido once did frame:
When she exiled from her land,
To mightie Afrike came.
Valence among the rest, this day
A Citie of passing fame:
Through regions farre and neere, in Spayne,
Dooth beare a princely name.
A fortresse and a rampiar strong,
That gardeth all the land:
A brasen wall for to repulse,
The force of foraine band.

Maintayned

of Didaco, and Violenta,
Paintayned with a lusty troupe,
Of warlike Impes beside:
Whose valiaunt actes haue purchasse fame,
Through regions farre and wyde.
Among the rest not long agoe,
There dwelt a worthy knight:
Deriu'd from auncient royall race,
His name Didaco hight.
In chualrie to Hector like,
Like Hercules in might:
In policy Vlisses mate,
Like Hannibal in fight.
In martiall prowes iopning aye,
Him selfe to Mars assignde:
So that for courage stoute, his peere
In Spayne was hard to finde.
He knewe the skill by stayed arme,
The quivering launce to shake:
To toue the thirling dartz a farre,
And make the pike to quake.
To bzandishe bzaue the blade so bryght,
At barriers to contend:
The glauncing shaste with twanging bowe,
From marke to marke to send.
At tylt to trye the sturdy strength,
Of stately stæde in fælde:
And eke to craise the shivering speare,
On cresse of glistering shield.

The tragicall historie
If euer warlike wight had cause,
In warlike seates to baunt:
That knewe by settled strength, his foes
In furious fight to daunt.
Didaco then, Didaco be,
Might ioy above the rest:
Whose actes had purchase him a name,
Superior to the best.
What great delight did he conceaue,
To marche in midst of fælde:
Protected with a fatall blade,
And eke a glistering shield.
Sometime to traaverse forth his ground,
His foe for to entrappe:
And then retyring backe agayne,
To shunne the afterclap.
And mounting est the praucing steede,
To gall with dent of spurre:
Whose swiftnesse was a remedie,
From daungers to recurre.
None better knewe with skill to guide,
God Mars his pompous trayne:
Or to direct his winges and troupes,
In order in the playne.
Long practizd had this Iouiall Impe,
His greene and youthfull dayes:
To winne the spurres in chivalrie,
And martiall actes of prayse.

Enioying

of Didaco, and Violenta.
Enjoying still his libertie,
Not knowyng Venus yoke;
Unexpert in the panges of lone,
And cursed Cupides stroke.
He neuer baunted Venus Court,
He yet her carped troupe:
Such weaklinges he abhord, his mind
To no such thing would itoupe.
He let that passe to amorous knightes,
Whose servile yeres were spent:
In service of dame Venus, whyle
Her Courte they did frequent.
To leane to Cupids servile loze,
He counted it a payne:
The glauncing glaes of amorous dames,
Such toyes he counted bayne.
Such exercise unfit for Mars,
Or Mars his warlike band:
To bowe to such a shzine, would not
With Mars his hono? stand.
No, no, God Mars his betaries,
Delight in Trumpets sound,
To heare the battering bullet, soozth
From Engine to rebound.
To tolle the iron tipped pike,
To gird the dart at length:
To shake the warlike perling launce,
By sleight of settled strength.

The tragicall historie

To traaverse footb his groundes, to place

His troupes in batayle ray:

To set his garisons, sometime

To marche, sometime to stay.

Long Winter watches to endure,

To beare the furious force:

Of nipping colde, to ioye in armes,

And strength of boughtie horse.

And not to loyter by the fyre,

Like Cupids carpet crue:

Which homage yelde to Venus lawes.

And bid god Mars Adieu.

And lingering long in louers loze,

These Impes in fine are faine:

A colde pursute to render vp,

with trauayle for their payne.

No, no, Didaco doth pretend,

To runne another race:

To honour Mars, and not to sue

Noe sake for Venus grace.

Let them that haue abandoned,

The race that I wyll runne:

Submit them selues to Venus lure,

And Mars his practise shun.

Whose fainting fingers farre vnfit,

To handle speare or shield:

With amorous lynes their duetie may,

Unto their Ladies yeld.

Didaco

of Didaco, and Violenta,
Didaco of that Cloyster yet,
Wyll not a b2other be:
That b2otherhood I say doth not,
Acco2o with his degree.
Adien therefore daime Venus thou,
Adien ye weakelinges all:
Whose humour suckes the filthy d2egges,
Of Venus poysoned gall.
Cupide Adieu thou eluishe d2warfe,
In spite of this thy bolwe:
And percing dartes Didaco he,
Wyll not thy godhead knowe.
Didaco cruell warre proclaymes,
Unto thy desperate arte:
He nought regards the percing stroke,
Of this thy poysoned darte.
Sound ont alarum loude, and woozke
Didacos ch2eefe annoy:
Doo what thou canst, ile make thee graunt.
Thou dealste not with a boy.
Helpe goddesse Venus, helpe thy sonne,
Exp2esse part of thy cure:
Didaco, spite of both, wyll not
Be subiect to your lure.
Assayle me both at once I say,
Shewe here your heauenly skyl:
Didaco sings, in spite of both,
Ile be a warrier still.

The tragical historie
The goddesse Venus whyle she late,
In her supernall thzone:
Renoluing pꝛoud Didacos hauntes,
Unto her selfe alone.
And pondering, that a moꝛtall wight,
Her godhead did reica:
To Cupid she addꝛess her fate,
In this, oꝛ lyke effect.
Cupide thy mothers onely care,
And meane of good successe:
Attend myne heestes incontinent,
Thereto thy selfe addꝛesse.
And as thou art the sonne of Mars,
And mighty in the kinde:
To shewe thy force without remeꝛse,
To please thy mothers minde.
My griefe is thynne, not myne alone
But common to vs both:
A moꝛtall wight with vaunting bzaggꝛes,
Our power deuine doth lothe,
Hast thou not yet, long time oꝛ this,
By Trumpe of blasing fame:
Heard of a ryght redouted knight,
Didoco calld by name.
He be it is that shakes our thzone.
With many a thundꝛing vaunt:
Howe that our power is not of force,
His courage soꝛ to daunt.

And

of Didaco, and Violenta,
And shall a mortall wight presume,
Our godhead to prouoke?
Shal he from Venus scotfree scape?
And shun god Cupides stroke?
And shall this youngling undertake
With Venus to contend?
Shall he presume agaynst our forte
His batterie for to bend?
Where then shall Venus godhead lye?
Her art? her power deuine?
Forsooth euen prostrate in the dust,
And voyde of name in fine.
Who henceforth wyl adoze my wzine?
O Venus godhead knowe:
O shortly on myne aulters, who
Due honour wyl bestowe:
My ioy and dearling deare, why is
Thy bowe unbent so long?
Why shall we beare this iniurie,
O tollerate such wrong.
If this should passe, the brute shal raigne,
By euery humaine wight:
That Cupids bowe is out of force,
And wants his wonted might.
Eclipsed shall our honour be,
Farewel god Cupids name:
And dame Venus power, none nowe,
Acknowledge wyl thy name.

Bend

The tragical historie
Bend vp I say thy twanging bowe,
And with thy golden darre:
In open strætes whereas he walkes,
Goe wound Didacos hart.
Fyrst whet thy denting shafte his point,
Then drawe thy stryng so farre:
That so this youth may learne, what is
With Venus foꝛ to warre.
Thou knowest right well his wonted haunt,
In Valence citie bryght:
Euen in the Goldsmithes rowe doth walke,
This right renowned knight.
Fayre Violenta she it is,
The instrument must wooꝛke:
Theffect of this the late deuise,
Whiche in my brest doth lurke.
On her enamored shall he be,
When fyrst he behes her face:
And mauer all his dauntes, shal stoupe,
To seeke and sue foꝛ grace.
So shal dame Venus godhead lyue,
Her fame shall not decay:
The memoꝛy of Cupids acte,
Shalbe aduaunte foꝛ aye.
Poꝛe dearling myne, I haue displayd,
The summe of myne entent:
Expecting here howe thou the same.
To execute art bent.

Deare

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Deare Lady, queene, and mother mine, Cupido

Your Cupids only stay:

Your part it is for to commaund,

My doctrie to obey.

Behold my bended bowe, behold,

My pearcing shaftes are prest:

And me in eche respect full bent,

To erecute your beste.

Long since I betwed his glozious bauntes,

And yet I still decreed:

To suffer him his humour fond,

With folly for to feede.

He hath not been the first perdie,

That spurned at my loze:

The wound is not past cure, my dart

Hath launced as great a soze.

He neuer yet was prouided,

From Cupids heauenly power:

He teache him well inough to come,

And goe at Venus lure.

I mightie Ioue enamoured,

On Ledyes glistering face,

And caused him, chaung int' shape of Swanne:

His Lady to embrace.

And then shall he, a humaine wight,

Deprived of mortall race:

Presume so much vpon his strength,

As Cupide to deface:

The tragicall hiltorie
No, no, he sone his courage coile,
He tame this newcome geste.
That from his scozefull lippes at last,
Peccaui I wyll wzeffe,
Howe Ladie mother mine adue,
Howe Cupide wyll attend,
The comming of this Champlon stout,
My golden bowe to bend.
In hope t' achine this seate so well,
That all the worlde may knowe:
Howe Cupide wyll not sticke, his arte
In Venus cause to shoue.
This sayde from skies vnto the Earth:
He takes his flight amayne.
And ouer Valence towne his winges
His naked corps sustayne.
Right soone the stout Didaco comes,
Frequenting still his gyle,
And beweth al the strectes about.
With glaunce of rowllyng eyes.
Thus raunging long at laste his eyes,
On Violenta cast.
Wherewith blinde Cupids poysoned shafte,
From bowe so fiercely bcast.
That glidyng thzough the Ayze at last,
It touchte so nere the quicke,
So that tbinfecte point thereof,
Dyd in his stomacke sticke.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

He feeling este his secret wound,
As mute he stode agaste.

And groning once or twice, in syne,
Int' this complaynt he braste.

O Heauen, o, earth, o Ioue aboue,

What meanes this sodayne stroke?
Did euer pooze Didaco yet

Thy power diuine pzooue?

What sodayne marirdome is this?

What pinching pangnes of hell?

The fates agaynst the freedome, of
Didaco doe rebell.

Oh what infernall monster thus:

Doth worke Didacos thral.

What fury fell of Stigian Lake.

Hath nowe conspiro my fall?

Oh pinching panges of seruitude,

What iust desert dyd make

The gods on pooze Didacos lyfe,

Suche vengeance for to take:

O goddesse Venus bowe thyne cares,

Of mercy to my playnt:

At lest wyse to these parching flambes,

Apply thou some restraint.

Powze not forth al thy penalties,

Upon one simple wight

But nowe whereas I mercy craue,

Do mitigate thy spite:

What

The tragicall historie

What honoꝝ shall redound to thee,

By plaguing thus the ghost:

Of one pooꝛe captiue knight (alas)

In treble toꝛmentes tosse.

Qualifie thy burnyng rage,

Represse thy boyling ire:

Destil the dropes of mercie, on

Didacos feruent fyre.

I bowe my selfe thy seruaunt then.

Thy bondslaue and thy thrall:

With due tifull obedience,

To come when thou shalt call.

And sitb I haue transgresse thy lawes,

And spurned at thy state:

Yet mercie graunt, Repentaunce due,

Doth neuer come to late.

O Cupide thou, whose fatall shaft,

Hath thirld my wounded hart:

Some pitie to thy prisoner shewe,

And mitigate his smart.

Due homage I wyll yeeld to thee,

Thy power I wyll confesse:

And prayles to thy sacred name,

With thankfull voyce expresse.

My foꝛmer bauntes I bere recant,

The palme to thee I render:

With thy celestiall power to strue,

My foꝛce is farre to slender,

Reuoluing

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Renouling thus he throwes himselfe,

Upon his pensive bed:

A thousand heapes of waivering thoughtes,

Turmoyle his doubtfull head.

Oh Violenta bright, quod he,

Of be wotic passing rare:

Whose orient hue of face hath trapt,

My senses all in snare.

Why did curst fortune to vs both,

Such haples hap assigne:

That thy descent, and race, is not

Coequall vnto myne?

What hellishe hagge did gyde the glaunce,

Of this my raunging be we:

That th' amorous glæe of thee (poore girle)

My senses should subdue?

What spitefull constellation, did

Enuy thy lucklesse fate,

To spring of line vnequall for,

Heroicall estate?

At least to all those giftes so rare.

Wherwith thou art posselt:

Why did not Nature pitie plant,

Within thy stonie brest:

The rare perfection which she framd,

In thee by beauenly art:

Will be eclipsed with the cloude,

Of this thy sauage hart.

C. i.

Right

The tragicall historie

Right sore I am, yea to to sure,

Thou wilt not once relent:

Unto those thousand seas of teares,

Which I for thee haue spent.

Thy beaue hardened cares will not,

Unto my charmes encline:

But suffer poore Didaco still,

In languor for to pine.

Thy stomacke, sturdie, stonie, sterne,

Alas will neuer bend:

To poore Didacos flowing teares,

Whose dolours haue no end.

O cruell, crabbed, curst fate,

O hap of all most harde:

What desperate dolefull destenie,

Haue you for me prepared?

What gilt of mine hath wrought such cause

Didaco to enthrall:

On her, whose hart as hard is bent,

As is the brassen wall?

In nature like the Adamant,

Whose substance will not yeld:

Though thousand shoures from top of house,

Were on the same distild.

But oh my Violenta why

Do I thy rigor blame?

Why beinite I such foule despite,

Against thy sacred name?

of Didaco, and Violenta,

I neuer felt thy furious mood,
I neuer tride thy spit:
Per yet that thou didst loyall loue,
With rigoꝝ rude requite.
Dame nature framing this thy foꝝme,
When she her skill expꝛesse:
She might as well engraffe the sparkes,
Of pitie in thy bꝛest.
And so perdie she did. Why then
Do I (mad man) accuse:
Thy sundꝛy vertues with repꝛoche:
And eke thy name abuse.
Ioue graunt, there rest not in thine hart,
Of pitie such a want:
That I may iust occasion haue:
Thy pꝛayses to recant.
Thus beating still his busied bꝛaine,
With many a wauering thought:
With thousand checkes he bannes the fates,
That this his thꝛaldome wꝛought.
Againe rebuking this his rage,
With bit of reasons loꝛe:
Renokes estsone the carses, which
He thundered out befoꝛe.
He fond Didaco, he (quod he)
Sith Ioue appoynts it so:
Thy teares do but renue thy grieve,
And aggrauate thy woe.

C.ij.

Why

The tragicall historie

Why dost thou spurne against the fates?

Thy burthen thou must beare,

Exclaime no more on Venus, why

Dost thou her godhead feare.

Why railste thou thus on Cupids bowe?

Why spurnste thou at his stroke?

No, no, thy stout untamed necke,

Must bowe vnto his yoke.

Thou hast not bene the first, or this

That tasted of his dart,

He yet shalt be the last perdie,

That he shall make to smart.

As valiant knightes, as thou, or this

Haue bended at his becke:

And bozne the waight of Cupids yoke,

Upon their tamed necke.

Where is Hercules that worthy wight,

That made the world to wonder?

Who in his Cradle tare the Jawes,

Of Scozpions twaine asunder.

Why, was not he for all his might,

Entbald in Venus lure:

And for'te his Ladies loue in fine,

By teares for to procure?

Yes sure if credite ought be due,

To Poets learned loze:

If that their volumes be perusde,

As gemmes of passing soze.

Then

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Then this they say, that Hercules,
His Ladies loue to winne:
Was faine in womans habite, on
A distaffe for to spinne.
And all that he had wrought by day
In turning of his wheele:
At night he was constraynde, the same,
Upon his rocke to reele.
If loue of Lidian Omphale,
Were of such passing might:
The traunced sences for to daunt,
Of this renowned knight.
As to enioyne such pœuish taskes,
To Mars his chiefeſt ſaint:
What marueile then, I ſay, if loue
Hath made Didaco ſaint?
Didaco thou art not a god,
Nor ſprung of heauenly line:
But ſubied to mortalitie,
The fates did ſo aſſigne.
And was not mightie Ioue himſelfe,
Who with his ſtately becke:
Coulo cauſe the heauens and earth to quake,
And ſurging ſeas could checke.
Why, was not he, I ſay, a thrall,
And ſlaue to Venus lure?
Coulo his ceſtiall deytie,
His maladie recure?

The Tragicall historie
Could be such sacred influence,
Into his vaines instill:
His fired fancie to remoue?
Had Ioue such heavenly skill:
No, no, his honoz to withdraue,
That seate farre paste his Art:
His wound to deepe was trenched in,
By bloodie Cupidoes dart.
So farre vnable to expell,
his late concealed flame:
That euery houre did minister,
A saggot to the same.
In fine constrained his deytie,
To chaunge into shape of bull:
Was faine that practise for to proue,
In hope to wyne his trull.
Why then if mightie Ioue himselte,
Who rules the loftie skie:
For all his secrete god head, yet
In flames of loue did frie.
Then fond Didaco cease at laste,
Gainst Cupides loze to spurne:
Who made the mightie Ioue aboue,
In feruent amours burne.
He was a God and for'te to yelde,
But thou a mortall man:
And spronge of humaine progenie,
Wilt kicke at Cupide than?

No,

of Didaco, and Violenta.

No, no Didaco bend thy wittes,
Some other way to proue:
Adapt thy selfe to Venus loze,
And learne to liue by loue.
Renounce thy triple trenching launce,
Detest thy fatal blade:
Abandon now thy glistering targe,
Of golde and amber made:
Farewell all martiall practises,
Bid grieufully Mars Adieu:
And all his traine: be dubbed a knight
Of Venus courtly crue.
Resigne thy warlike exercise,
To gurdy a pompous traine:
Thou taken hast another charge,
In hand. Such toyes are vaine.
Farewell ye Impes of Chivalrie,
That Mars his bands do rule:
Didaco taken hath degree,
Within another schoole.
Apprentice now to Cupids trade,
And Ladie Venus thzall:
Fast bound in sacred solemne bowe,
To come when they shall call.
Ten thousand times ye Spanish knightes,
In prowes that excell,
And all the band of Mars his badge,
Ten thousand times farewell,

C.iiij.

Tell

The Tragicall historie

Well now Didaco frame thy selfe,
To take a second bewe:
Of that so amorous glæ, which first
Thy senses did subdue.
With flowing teares from eyes distild,
With many a pensive grone:
With thousand signes of loyaltie,
Goe make to her thy mone.
Unfold those restless agonies,
Expresse the endles smarte:
Which since th'encounter of her bewe,
Have staine thy poore true harte.
Perchaunce, she is not of haggards kind,
Nor hart so hard is bend:
But thy distylling teares in fine,
May moue her to relend.
But if thy profered loyall loue,
With sterne replies be fed:
Then farewell life, and libertie,
Didaco thou art dead.
Hap glad, or sad, I meane to proue,
If that my restless flame:
With thousand floods of teares expresse,
My Ladyes hart may tame.
Perchaunce my plaints may mollifie,
Her hard and stonie minde:
And that the planges which I sustaine,
Some swæte remorse may finde.

Resolved

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Resolved thus within his minde,
From bed he rose againe:
And layes his faintie limmes, within
A swæte perfumed bayne.
And casting on his Spanish Cape,
Directes his trembling pace:
Into goldsmithes rowe, to haue a betwe,
Of Violentas face.

And often trauerling the strætes,
Adioyning to her boure:
To cast a secrete glaunce, sometimes
His eyes he doth inure.
Full many a pilgrimage he made.
His fancie for to fæde:
Vnto the shryne of this his saint,
Befoze he once could spæde.
In fine when many an amorous glaunce,
He wrested had in vaine:
Vnto the temple, where he knewe,
The goddesse did remaine.
In th'end Dame fortune sickle Dame,
In lieu of former spite:
Preferres this doting amorous Impe,
Vnto his ladies sight.
Who toke the present offer straight,
And costing th'wart the way:
With bonnet bayld vnto the ground,
Befoze his saint doth stay.

She

The tragicall historie
She not forgetting yet the trade,
And courteous gyle of Spayne:
Doth with a courtly bzaue Boniour,
Salute the knight agayne.
Whereat his fond conceptes did sinke,
So deepe into his bzaine:
So that the flaming humoꝝ straight,
Kerpede into euery bayne.
And feeding on a frustrate hope,
With visage wanne and pale:
In this effect vnto his dame,
He frames his trembling tale.
If that the dames of oestenie,
The twisse in twayne had shyed:
By which the vitall bzeth into,
My panting baynes is led.
If they I say had lined my fate,
Besoze mine eyes did see:
The forme of this thy beauenly face,
Adoꝝnd with such a glee.
Then Madame, neuer had I felt,
The feuers of such payne:
Ac had your bewtie bzued the bale,
That I poꝝe man sustayne.
At leastwise this kraunge martirdome,
That rackes my wounded hart:
Farre easier were to tolerate,
And lesser were my smart,

Thine

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Thine ozient be wtie eke, which firſt

My ſences did enthꝛall:

Might better be diſpenſt withall,

Foꝛ this my fatall fall.

A fall ſayd I: nay rather downe,

To Limbo lake deſeete:

If mercy thine be not a meane,

My ſtate foꝛ to erecte.

Thy face hath captiuat my witts,

And traunc'te my ſences ſo:

That eucry houre with thouſand thoughtes

Doth aggrauate my woe.

And doubtles (dame) except your grace,

That did my thꝛall procure:

Prepare ſome ſpedie remedie,

My ſener to recure.

Theſe handes of mine ſhall execute,

The curſed fates becheſte:

With bloudie knife to perce the hart,

In this turmoyled beſt.

And when this breathles coꝛps of mine,

Shalbe interd in mould:

This Epitaph ſhall there be firſt,

Foꝛ all men to behold.

Stay paſſenger, a knight within,

This ſecrete vaute doth lie:

VVho pyning long with reſtles loue,

At laſt for loue did die.

Then

The tragicall historie
Then Ladie shalt thou noted be,
And pointed at of all:
As she whose hardned hart did worke.
The poore Didacoe thzall.
O harden not thine beanie eares,
Against the grienous grone:
Of poore Didaco, whom thy loue
Hath caused to make his mone.
Recount the restless agonies,
Record the endles smart:
And pynning passions, that turmoyle
And racke Didacoe's hart.
O thinke vpon that hell of paines,
That raunge within my minde:
Thinke on my mortall martirdome,
That no reliefe can finde.
Stoppe not thine eares, as both the Aspe,
Against my piteous plaints:
But harken to the restless toyle,
That thus my soule atteints.
And sure I thinke, if that the sound
Of these my drey teares:
With seas of sobbing sighes expresse,
Might perce your hardned eares.
The vehemence therof no doubt,
Would openly define:
The furious force of these turmoyles,
Wherein (poore man) I pine.

Althoug

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Although ten thousand floods of teares,
Cannot at full expresse:

The lingring languor, and the wee
That doth myne hart oppresse.

This said, with many a secrete grone,
Displaying forth his case:

The bziniſhe teares distilling downe,
Embzude his blubbered face.

That who had ſene his tragicall looks,
In gesturing his part:

Would say his tongue did truly tell,
The meſſage of his hart.

She ſomewhat baſht at this diſcourſe,
Which he more man expreſſe:

With geſture ſeemely ſet, in ſine
This ſhort replie addreſſe.

My Seignior Didaco if your youth,
In martiall practice ſpent:

And perfect ſkill in Chivalrie,
Which uſe to you haue lent.

O, if your bzute iblaꝝd abzoad,
With golden trumpe of fame:

Cannot enforze you to reſſe,
This bzutiſh raging flame.

Why, then with bitt of reaſons loꝝe,
Reſtrayning your deſire:

Endeuour ſo, to quench the ſparkes,
Of this turmoyling fire.

Didaco,

The tragicall historie
Didaco, once you numbered were,
The floure of Mars his traine:
And througibly tried in all respects,
That vnto warre pertaine.
And haue not you full ofte oꝛ this,
With golden crested shield:
And with a satall slicing blade,
Marchtke fozmost in the field.
You sundꝝy times haue made you foes,
With terroꝛ foꝛ to quake:
And eke the bzasen bulwarkes strong,
With Engins foꝛce to shake.
And then shall he whom thousand foes,
Coult not subdue in fight:
Be made a seruile slaue and thꝛall,
To Cupids onely might:
What thame is this to you, who erst
In fight haue wonne such fame:
Yet now at last to want the foꝛce,
Your owne desires to fame?
But sure not you alone sustayne,
The foꝛce of Cupids flame:
But I poꝛe girle as well haue felt,
The furie of the same.
And yet so farre to my desires.
I neuer lose the rayne:
But that I know by reasons rule,
The bydle to restraine.

And

of Didaco, and Violenta.

And sure Didaco if your sute,

To honest purpose tend:

If vnder cloke of loyall loue,

No treason you pretend.

Then Violenta bowes her selfe,

Your seruant so to be:

Will tearme of these her dayes shalbe,

Abzidged by fates decre.

But if to glut your lust, you vile,

Your purpose to obtaine:

In faith your labour is but lost,

And all your trauaile vaine.

And therfore best it were in time,

Your fancie to forgoe:

Least further fostering of the same,

Do aggravate your woe.

This said within the doores she flange,

And so her aunswere ended:

With scornfull scoffes, and furious face

As though she were offended.

He silly soule when this reply,

So sterne, had cut his combe:

With minde surpris'd with thousand panges,

In fine returneth home.

And casting downe his faynting corps,

Upon his restless bed:

Renues the wonted heape of plaints,

Within his wauering head.

The tragicall historie

O pwoze Didaco, what desert,
O2 wo2 thy guilt of thine:
Enflamd the furious bellish fates,
Thy life so2 to repine?
What mou'd their mindes so2 to direct,
Thy wanton glauncing eye:
On her who so2ceth not thy griefe,
Though thousand times thou die:
O Cupid thou, thou iudge vniuste,
Vniustest iudge of all:
Do thou in equall balance payse,
The burthen of my thzall.
Thy golden quiver ransacke vp,
And with the seife same dart:
Wherwith thou first didst perce my bzest,
Wound Violentas hart.
O let not pwoze Didaco pine,
In restless languoz still:
Whose frustrate plaints, with piteous sounds,
The vacant ayze doe fill.
Whose griefe succedes a second griefe,
Whose plaints fresh plaints ensueth:
Whose racking martir dome would moue,
A stonie rocke to ruthe.
Some say that Opyheus with the tune,
Of syluer sounding stringe,
Can soe trees to moue and birdes to carpe,
And itones to leape and spynges.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

The groning ghostes of Stigian lake,

Were all isstricken mute:

To heare the solemne ditties sound,

Recozded on his lute.

The Starving Tantalus that stode,

The weltring flood within:

And pines though Apples touch his nose,

And water reach his chinne.

When once he heard this hermony,

(Though Starving still he stode:)

He forced not the fruite, ne yet

The water of the flood.

Thou sweating Sisyphus amayne,

Whose strange and endles taske:

Requires an endles time to doe,

And endles toyle doth aske.

Who toils in tumbling by thy stone,

Unto the top of hill:

And yet for all thine Art, the same,

Comes rowling downward still.

Dyphus his lute did lullaby,

Thy traunced senses so:

That thou didst rest vpon thy stone,

And cleane forgotst thy woe.

You Besides which for to fill,

The bogsheds take such payne:

And yet the water that you poure,

Comes gushing forth againe.

The

D

The

The tragicall historie
The siluer sound of Orpheus lute:
Your myndes did so enchannte:
That you forgot the taske which erst.
Did vse your spirites to daunt,
Erion, thou, whose snakie whele,
For ever turneth round:
The same had not the power to moue,
At Orpheus heauenly sound.
The rauening vulture eke constraind,
His talents to withdralve:
And forced not with becke to rent,
Promethus mangled maue.
The greedie gripe which erst was wont,
To play his cursed part:
Doth loath his pray, and cease to feare.
Woze Titius rented hart.
But if thou Sisiphus shouldst betwe,
My restles plaints and moore:
I thinke thine hand would cease to rowle,
The fatall tumbling stone.
Thou Tantalus, and all the ghostes,
That lurke in Stygian lake:
Wheras your hellish bowling throates,
A monstrous noyse do make.
Thou Plato with thy griesely trayne,
And all thy infernall crue:
Would bend your eares to heare my plaints,
And eke my dolours rue.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

The martirdome that mortifies,
My musing mazed minde:
The dayly restles agonies,
Which no reliefe can finde.
The percing panges and endles toyles,
Which I poore man sustayne:
Would moue an hart of flint, to rue
The rigor of my payne.
I frie, I freeze, I burne, I bzoyle,
I starue, I fret, I fume:
I liue and die, I die and liue,
In languor I consume.
O poore Didaco wretched wight,
Which liuing, still dost die:
Whose limmes within the smothering flames,
Of *Etna* sulphure frie.
O martird man consumed away,
In fozmes of treble thrall:
Thou bearest the shadow of a man,
And art no man at all.
But from a man into a ghost,
The deffenies did thee chaunge:
Full like to infernall furies which,
In *Plutoes* kingdome raunge.
Therefore Didaco arme thy selfe,
Against the fates decree:
With that thy toile with nought but death,
Shall counteruayled bee.

D. if

Det

The tragicall historie

Pet wretched man what dost thou meane,

Thy traueile to resigne?

Thy sute, if well pursued it be,

May haue successe in fine.

Some say there is no fort so strong,

Though founded on a rocke:

But that a golden key hath power,

And force to breake the locke.

Therefore, where loue doth want the skill,

Thy purpose for to reache:

There hazard once to put in proofe,

If Coyne can make the breathe.

Thy Lady is not of royall race,

But of a meane descent:

Therefore thy golden chaines perchaunce,

May cause her to relent.

When this was sayd, with trembling fiste,

He frames his louing lines:

The faithfull charge whereof, vnto

His seruant he assignes.

Six hundred Ducats there withall,

To send he doth not faile:

To proue, where seruent sute was vaine,

If gold could there preuaile.

The Post, who of this Embassage,

The full effect had scand:

Surrenders vp the signed briebe,

To Violentas hand.

Who

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Who hauing betwixt with rowling eye,

The tenure of the same:

Could not repress her rage, but forth,

It burst into a flame.

What moues your maisters mind, (quod she)

Such battery for to bend:

Against the fort where sure he is,

The beare foyle in th'end.

And did he thinke, his wished pray,

With golden trappes to trayne:

Where lingring loue with restles sute,

His purpose could not gayne.

Goe, bid him prone some other dames,

With this his tangling tale:

For Violenta hath not set,

Her chastitie to sale.

The loue of other wanton dames,

Let him with golde procure:

That are more prone and pliable,

Vnto his beastly lure.

More Violentas loue, is not

With money to be solde:

The price of her Virginitie,

She measures not with golde,

And sure the breach thereof, shall not

With golden siege be wrought:

Where loue with profered service once,

Thereto preyndled nought.

The Tragicall historie

Therefore desire him cease his fate,
And frustrate trauayle end:
For sure he shall not wyne his will,
By meanes he doth pretend.
This dolefull newes, the Post vnto
Didaco doth display:
Accounting all the case at large,
In chamber where he lay.
Who when he heard that all his dristes,
Her loue could not attayne:
And how that this vncessant toyle,
And trauayle was in vayne.
Full faine God wotte poze man he would,
Haue quencht this raging fyre:
But yet he wanted force and strength,
To bydle his desire.
O Violenta sayze, quod he,
Why did the fates decree:
That thou by lineall race art bozne,
Inferiour farre to mee.
In thee alone (poze girl) doth rest,
The cause of lyfe of death:
Thy stonie hart will force me yeld,
This byttle borrowed breath.
But sith daime reason is exild,
And fancie beares the sway:
That wisdomes rule is not of force,
Affection to allay.

But

of Didaco, and Violenta.

But wit and will with wauering thoughts,

Do combate in my h2ayne,

N2des must I proue some straunge deuise,

My purpose to obtayne.

Didaco, why is thy fond mynd,

With lusting humors led:

Why dost thou not with nuptiall bands,

Adioyne her to thy bed.

Fo2 with thy reason is because,

Shee is not of royall line:

But of base parentage deriu'd,

Unequall farre fo2 thine.

And then shouldst thou conioyne thy selfe,

To such a one as shee?

Nie, no, that match were farre vnfit,

And not fo2 thy degree.

Why saile doth true nobilitie,

Consist in blood alone?

Is there no meane, but noble race,

To clime to honors throne?

Yes, foolish man, the vertues rare,

That harbor in her b2est:

Haue power to scale the steepe mount,

Where honors seate doth rest.

When nature this her image fo2md,

Her giftes she did not scant:

But to to prodigall the same,

In this one p2eece did plaint.

Why

The Tragical historie

Why then if natures noble gyftes,

That glyster in her face:

May counterpayse the dignitie,

And fame of royall race.

Then doubt not, Violenta bright,

To take vnto thy mate:

Whose vertues matche the titles, of
Heroicall estate.

And sure I meane if fates agree,

Even thou shalt chuse a girl to chuse:

If thou wilt dayne for to accept,

Didaco to thy spouse.

And having thus his minde resolu'd,

Within his wauering brest:

On Violenta now a freshe,

The onset he addrest.

Madame, if Spousall vowes be deemed,

The touchstone for to be:

Whereby men try the sacred bonds.

Of perfect amitie.

Then haue you gotte, if so you please,

Such one to be your fere:

Who, then thimperiall crowne of Spaine,

Esteemes your loue more deere.

He is not borne of base degree,

Ne yet of rascall race:

Didaco I euen I am he,

The knight you shall embrace.

Whom.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Whom, from his faith no dangers great,

For perilles shall remoue:

If that you doe him worthy deme,

For to enioye your loue.

She rauished with ioye, to heare,

The knight this tale recite:

Her foltring tongue within her mouth,

Stode mute and speechles quite.

At last with shamefast bashfulnes,

She set aside the baile:

Of silence, and to this effect,

She framd her sugred tale.

Didaco you perdie haue forgoe,

This long discourse of loue:

To vndermine my meaning, and

My constancie to proue.

But yet assure your selfe of this,

If that your meaning tend:

Vnto no worse effect then this,

That you in words pretend.

Though Violenta be deriu'd,

Of parentage but base:

Yet sure in zeale of loyall loue,

She will not geue you place.

And further hopes, for to bebaue,

Her selfe so well in fine:

That you shall haue no cause to wishe,

Her person to resigne.

The tragicall historie
Not for the worthiest dame in Spayne,
Though she in dignitie:
Do farre surmount the basenes, of
By simple pedegree.
Hereat his motions of delight,
Beginning to renewe:
Doth with a precious Emerald,
Confirm his plighted vow.
And printing many an amorous kisse,
Her orient lippes vpon,
Debateth of the Nuptiall rites,
And vow to haue them done.
Wherof they both concluded thus,
To be a meane most fit:
That some vnknown strange minister
That sacred knot should knit.
And that before the twinkling starres,
were from the heauens fled:
Or flaming Phoebus should display,
His glorious glistering head:
And so resolu'd, before day light,
Didacco did her wed:
Where she by plighted vow was made
Partaker of his bed.
And spending all that ioyfull day,
In seas of braue delight:
Enioye alike the benefite,
Of that long wished night.

Thus

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Thus twelue full moneths had passed one,
Deuoyd of all annoy:

And no deuise was left vnprou'd,
That might augment their ioy.

In briebe he neuer was at ease,
But in his ladies sight:

And she did neuer ioy, without
The presence of her knight:

Thus euery night in couert wise,
He marcheth to her boure:

To staunch his greedie lusting thirst,
And toyes to put in vire.

So long he haunted this recourse,
Unto his Idolls shine:

That Violentas honesty,
Was doubted of in fine.

Some demd because that he so soft,
From home to her retired:

He vsed more homely dalliance,
Then honestie required.

Wherby her fame defamed was
With this surmised blot:

Which by the oft repaying of
Didaco, she had got.

But she whose blameles conscience,
Was gittles of the crime:

Referrres the triall of her cause,
To course of further time.

Although

The tragicall historie
Although (the bzuted false surmise,
Of people to deface:)
She prayses her spouse to take her home,
Unto his dwelling place.
But he that know with long delays,
Her fancie for to feede:
Protrades the time, and neuer to
Her iuste request agreed:
And having purchased the whole,
Possession of her harte:
He knewe the meanes, her doting minde,
As please him to conuert.
That gathering by her amorous looke,
Her loue did still enflame:
By litle he withdrew his mynde,
And zeale more cold became.
And leauing now the gyle, which erst,
He vsed to frequent:
Accustometh at sundry times,
Himselfe for to absent.
And whensoever he repayed,
Her companie vntill:
Was still to glut his greedy lust,
And neuer for good will.
In fine he loathes his former matche,
And pondering in his bzayne:
What great reproche, his honoz was,
In daunger to sustayne.

of Didaco, and Violenta.
If brute should now be blazd abroad,
That he had tane to mate:
A girle, whose linage was so farre,
Unfit for his estate.
To this effect he bends his toyle,
And traueiles all doth frame:
What way he soone st might pzeuent,
The cause of such defame.
Wheron acquainting straight himselfe,
With dames of noble race:
In fine he founde one to supply,
More Violentas place.
Of qualities so excellent,
And bewtie passing rare:
That might with any Spanish dame,
In eche respect compare.
He taking este the benefite,
Of this so happy fate:
The nuptiall rites to consecrate,
Doth in his minde debate.
Procuring such triumphant shewes,
And choise of princely sportes:
That all the crue of Spanish knightes,
To beue thereof resoites.
The praucing coursers some bestride,
With percing launce in rest:
The mightie troncheons do rebound,
Icrasde on helmes crest.

Some

The tragicall historie
Some try their skill at bended bowes,
At barriers bzaue some fight:
And some with masques of rare deuise,
The lookers on delight.
The straunge confects of daintie cates,
The choyle of pleasant wine:
The curious course of costly knacks.
With iunkers passing fine.
Did make the Spanish knights to muse.
That bzuted was the fame:
How that no feast in twentie yeares,
Was iudged of such fame.
The noyse wherof the bulgar sort,
So woorthilie displays:
That vnto Violentas eares,
Gblazd was the praise.
Who bearing that Didaco be,
Had falsified his bowes:
In that, against his othe, he toke
Another dame to spouse.
With scratching nayles shee rent her hatre,
And bzaue attaire defac'te:
And in her closet all alone:
Into this complaint shee bzaffe,
O wretched girl what fate hath wrought,
These planging panges of thine:
What starre at thy natiuitie:
So lacklessely did shine.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Drage of restless hellish thzalles,
 Dstinge of endles smart:
D seas of thousand great annoyes,
 That racke my wounded hart.
D cursed fates, why did you not,
 Then execute your spite:
On this tormented corps of myne,
 When first it came to light.
D wretched wight then hadst thou bene,
 Ten thousand times blest.
If thou hadst bene interd in ma'we,
 Of some denouring beast.
D; if into the surging seas,
 Thou hadst bene throwne at once:
Where monsters fell, with grating Jawes,
 Night tirc thy rotten bones.
Then shouldst thou not haue languisht thus,
 In gulfes of treble payne:
Ne knowne the furie of such panges,
 As now thou dost sustaine.
Accursed be that cursed houre,
 Wherin thy tender eyes:
At time of thy natiuitie,
 Beheld the azurd skies.
D false Didaco periurd wight,
 Did euer my desert:
Gue cause to alienate thy bowes,
 Once plighted with thy hart.

The tragicall historie

O perjur'd Jason faithles man,
Why hast thou thus deceau'd:
The wight that trusted thee so well,
And all her ioyes bereu'd.
Is this thy care of plighted faith?
Is this thy sacred bowe?
Is this the true performace, which
Thy promise doth ensue.
O haples hap and dolefull chaunce,
That euer thy tangling tonge:
Made breache into my Virginitie,
Which I preseru'd so longe.
O captiue wretch, and can thine eyes,
Sustaine for to behold:
These raging panges and martirdome,
Wherein I am enrold?
Is this the guerdon of the fayth,
Which I haue vsde alway:
Now like a beast and reprobate,
Thus to be cast away?
Why did not Ioue consent, my line
More noble for to bee:
That I might worke a full reuenge,
Of this thy villanie?
But sith the heauens haue denyed,
Me (wretched girle) that fate:
With tooth and nayle, ile foyle to shake,
The ground of thine estate,

And

of Didaco, and Violenta,
And that my grudging hart may still,
At thy successe rebell:
With mortall hate ile prosecute,
Thine odious ghost to hell.
Thus thundering out the raging flames,
That from her stomacke springe:
With howling shrikes and frensie plaints,
She makes the house to ringe,
Wher at her mother with her mayd,
Wight Iamque by name:
And eke her sonne, for to appease,
Her daughters fury came.
All they with holosome preceptes, toile
To qualifie her rage:
But all their witt had not the skill,
Her howling to assuage,
Wher at her mother with her sonne,
Away with teares are gone:
And leave her pencing forth her plaints,
To Iamque alone.
The mayd with sundry reasons seekes,
Her mistres to entreate:
To quench at least the smothering smoke,
Of that turmoyling heate.
Deere dame (she sayd) why doth discaine,
Thus boyle within your brest:
O why doth rancor ransacke thus,
Your mynd from settled rest.

The tragicall historie

Why raunge you thus in rage, wherin
Sought else but grieve ye finde?
Keep: see these furious fits and calme,
This tempest of your minde.
Know this you have not first bene trap,
In mens alluring net:
He shall you be the last perdie,
That shalbe tangled yet.
Did not periurd Demophon,
Leaue Phillis on the strand:
When secretly by night embarke,
He launced from the land:
And Theseus, Aridue bright,
Where he such loue did finde:
At last in desert *Maxos* Ile,
Left her poore girle behinde.
Why then turnioyle you thus your selfe,
In floods of endles teares:
Sith he respecteth nought the panges,
That your vert conscience beares,
Be sure he forceth nought the griefes,
And hozroz that you feele:
But that which you set next your hart,
He setteth next his heele,
Therefore cease of those trickling teares,
Which from your eyes distill:
And then referre your cause, vnto
The triall of my skill.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

I hope oz long so happely,

My traueyle to bestowe:

That you vpon his life may take,

Reuengement of your woe.

Meane time with patience arme your selfe,

And ease your heauie hart:

While I meane while do put in pꝛøse,

Some pꝛadise of myne Arte.

Dame Violenta, easde with this,

Discourſing of her mayde.

Sweete Jamque (quod she) if thou,

Can doe as thou haſt ſaꝝ de.

Twelue hundred Crownes of readie coyne.

Ile render to thine hand:

Whereby thou mayſt conuay thy ſelfe,

Into ſome vnknown land.

And neuer to returne againe,

Into thy native ſoyle,

But leaue me to ſuſtayne theuent:

And bazard of the bzoyl.

Then myſtres myne ſayd ſhe attend

To that I ſhall recite:

Your chieſt charge is this: you muſt

A dolefull ſcroll endite.

Contayning ſuch infernall panges,

And paſſions of the minde:

That you by meanes therof, no reſt

For eaſe at all can finde.

C.ij.

Then

The tragicall historie
Then next rip vp the poysoned soze,
Of that so stinging smart:
Which for th'excessive loue of him,
Hath slaine your loyall harte.
Pert adding that he might reuue,
The cause of your delight:
If he sometimes will take the paynes,
To visite you by night.
As erst he vsed for to doe,
When this is done, procede:
In such a methode as you knowe,
May best his fancie feede.
And when you haue displayde at large,
The meaning of your will:
Commit the charge thereof, to be
Directed by my skill.
I trow that force of fyled phrase,
His wittes shall so enchaunt:
That he with free consent, sometime
To visite you, shall graunt.
And when he in the dead of night,
His soundest rest doth take:
We'll set him then in such a traunce,
That he shall neuer wake.
O gentle Iamque, sayd shee,
If thy deuise take place:
Then hast thou sure for euer wonne,
More Violentas grace.

This

of Didaco, and Violenta.

This sayd, to frame her fayned lynes,

Her fitte she doth directe:

The stile whereof imported this,

Or else the like effecte.

Seigneur Didaco, I am perswaded that if you will vouchsafe to peruse the tenure of these my lamentable lines, you will be moued with some remorse and compasſion, in contemplation of the true image of my wretched life purtraied & true-lye described in the same, which through your disloyaltie and breach of promise is consumed, and spent with so manie riuers of vncessant teares and lamentations, that many times I marueyle with my self that nature, amidst so many martirdomes, hath neuer yet had the force to separate that vnitie which coupleth my soule vnto this turmoyled carcasse. Alas howe many thousand times a day haue I called for death, to abridge and interrupte the course of these myne unhappie dayes. And yet she reclineth not vnto my crie? Alas howe many Millions of times euery day hath my tormented minde bene vanquished with the extremitie of this intollerable hell of vexations, expecting still the time when I may take mine *Ultimum Vale* of all worldly delightes, being now arriued at the vttermost panges of death. But what is this in comparison of the horror that oppresseth my waue-uring minde when time requireth that I should

The Tragical historie

then take some rest. And recreation of my dayly traueyles, for if it chaunce that mine eyes fall a sleepe immediately my cogitations are surprised with dreadfull and horrible visions representing the perfect figure of her that enioyeth my place, which of all my other calamities is the sharpest sword vnto my sorowfull soule. But oh me happy gile if I were able to dissolue the perfection of mine outragious loue toward thee, grounded vpon the rocke of immouable affection, wherby the remembrance of thy disloyaltie might be vtterly extinguished. And extirped from the secreete closet of my rauished mind then shuld thy trechery no more burthen my tormented conscience. But sith my desire is frustrate of effect, come hyther I say thou cruell & hard hearted man and with some signe of humanitie, mollifie the rage of my continuall calamities, the vewe whereof will represent vnto thine eyes the liuely pourtraiture of my restles agonies. And if euer sparke of pitie did warme thy frozen hart, arme thy selfe with greater crueltye then euer thou was wont to doe, and come hyther with speede to make her sobbe her last sighes whom thou most traiterously hast deceaued. For in doing otherwise thou maiest peraduenture to late, bewaile thy beastly crueltye, and the vntimely death of me poore desolate wretch, and miserable caytife,

Violenta.

This

of Didaco, and Violenta.

This done, the brinish trickling teares of,
Distilled from her eye:

Write would she faine, but that the wordes,
Within her mouth did die.

And casting by the instrumentes,
That did this Engine frame,

With seale she signes it by, and to
Her mayde she yeldes the same.

Holde Iamque she sayd and if,
Thou play thy part so fine:

As I in forging of these lines,
At large haue vttered myne.

I doubt not, but oz long we shall
Entrap the traytour so:

That he shall quite forget the meanes,
To worke poore maydens thrall.

Shee hauing once receyued the brieft,
With speede doth post away:

Unto the palaice where she knewe,
The knight Didaco lay:

Where hauing once attaynd vnto,
The speeche of him alone:

In this effect the traytozeous bagge,
Her Judas tale begonne,

Seigneur Didaco: in mysteries,
Of learning I am mute:

But sure I am this signed brieft,
Imposes some earnest lute.

The Tragicall historie
For naught but drouping, all this day,
And grieve hath verte my dame:
And eke amidst a thousand sighes,
She did this letter frame.
And sure to say the truth, you seeme,
To offer her great wrong:
Because that from her house, you doe
Absent your selfe so long.
As for your breach of Marriage,
At that she naught repines:
And reason to, if that she maye,
The difference of your lines:
But this one pang above the rest,
Doth aggrauate her woe:
Because you see her not sometimes,
As erst you vowe to doe.
God wotte, the sillie soule would thinke,
Her selfe of Ioue most blest:
If that some nightes she might obtaine,
By your swete side to rest.
And by that meanes, the second place
Of your loue to possesse:
If this she had, then easde she were,
Of this so great distresse.
And sure sir Knight you may do well,
Your fancie for to bend:
In seeing her sometimes, vnto
Her sute to condescend.

of Didaco, and Violenta.
So may you iustly haunt that you,
As bzaue a spouse retayne:
And eke as faire a paragon,
As any liues in Spayne.
This said, she renders vp the bzieste,
Vnto Didacoes hand:
Who, when with chzistall rowling eye,
Th'effect ther eof had scand.
His dumpish mynd was for a space,
With wauering fancies led:
For loue, and hate with motions vtraunge,
Did combate in his head.
At last he sayd: deere Jamque,
Thy mistres certispe:
That time permits me not as now,
To frame a new replie.
But that I le visite her besoze,
The rysing of the sonne:
To morow morne, and there discourse,
The summe of that is donne.
She glad, with fayned reuerence,
Promised away doth trotte:
And, till she was within the doores,
To runne she ceaseth not.
Where to her dame the ozder of,
Her toile she doth display:
And how Didaco would be there,
The next ensuing day.

The tragical historie
Her mystres hearing this discourse,
Her sozowes all were gone;
And hard embracing Iamque,
This wise replied anone,
Swate wench if thou hast framed the grynne,
This traytour to begyle:
Be surs of this, that for my part,
I haue not slept the while.
But after sundry thoughtes, I haue
Devisde this pratie fetch,
To execute our boochery,
On this false periuro w;etch.
Thy chiefest charge is this: thou must
A mightie rope prepare:
Wherwith, when fast he is a sleepe,
We may this traytoz snare.
Pert that two monstrous chopping knives,
Must for this feate be bought:
Although the price be neuer so great,
Yet spare thou not for ought.
That done let me my selfe alone:
Our practize to fulfill:
Thou maist referre that knacke,
To tryall of my skill.
I trow that oz he passe from hence,
Ile charme my youth so well:
That he, who vsde him in such sort,
Shall neuer haue time to dwell.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

The cursed wench, to ready bent,
To doe as she decreed:
For solves no time but doth prepare,
The instrumentes with speede.
The time due on when he poore man,
To Janique did say:
That he his former wife would see,
Before the breake of day.
And so what time the clocke stroke foure,
His seruant he doth wake:
Two Spanish Jennets of the best,
For iourney prest to make.
And mounted on their coursers brane,
In shade of vgly night:
Euen at the turning of the stræte,
Didaco doth alight.
And to his man commits his horse,
Commaunding him to ryde:
Into the countrie, where he should,
Untill the morowe abyde.
And then before that Phœbus lampe,
Displayed her wonted fire:
To him at Violentas house,
In hast he should retyze:
Meane time his Jennets to bestowe,
Within some secrete Inne:
For none might know how he that while,
Had with his louer bin.

This

The tragicall historie

This sayd he marcht with speedie pace,

Unto his former wife:

Preparing syllie soule, his throte,

Unto the hangmans knife.

And knocking softly at the gate,

Where Iamque did waite:

She into her mystres closet doth,

Conuay Didaco straight.

The knight, who ere his coming, had

A fine excuse prepared:

Doth grate her with a friendly kisse.

Enquiring how she feard.

Didaco, you in wordes (quod she)

Seeme carefull for my state:

Although your stomacke inwardly,

Repineth at my fate.

I knowe your gilty conscience,

Will testifie the payne:

Which I paeze girle vncessantly,

Both day and night sustayne.

The furie of which martirdome,

Hath brought my soule so lowe:

That still I looke when as the breath,

My carcasle will forgoe.

And yet the letter which I sent,

I wrote not to this ende:

In hope it would your stonie hart,

To rue mine anguise bend.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

For sure I am you will not cease,
To worke their endles thrall:
Which to these glosing words of yours,
To credence geue at all.

Wherof I wretched wench, at first
Unwitting of your trade:

Of this your trecherous billanp,
To plaine a p^roofe haue made.

He fearing, least her boyling rage,
Would more and more enflame:

With often kissing of her cheeke,
This for^gd reply doth frame.

Madame why doubt you of my faith?
My match was but pretended:

For willingly vnto the same,
I neuer condescended.

And though I was enforste to take,
Another to my wife:

Yet sure o^r long, ile cut in twayne,
The fillet of her lyfe.

And when my pradtize once hath wrought,
Her cursed finall end:

The remnant of my vitall race,
With thee (my deare) ile spend.

And then in tearme of further time,
It plainely shall appeare:

Now that Didaco is the knight,
That holoes thy loue most deare.

Thus

The tragicall historie

Thus chaunting on the pleasant cordes,
Of this his tangling tongue:
With filed phrase he seeks to frame,
Excuse for former wronge.
Shee loth to lose the benefite,
Of this so fit a time:
Doth seeme to hold the knight excuse,
For that pretended crime.
And with a forced smiling face,
(But with a Judas best.)
In this effect vnto the knight,
Her aunswere she addrest.
Didaco, I am content this once,
To thinke your aunsweres iust:
Although your dares haue geuen me cause,
Your sayings to instrust.
But sure your loue so rooted is,
Within my burning hart:
That needes the crime must heynous be,
That may the same auert:
Therefore I will constrain my selfe,
To thinke your saying true:
If you to visite me sometimes,
By night, will plight your bowe.
For if at certaine times I might,
Your companie enioye:
Than would I thinke my selfe iblest,
And free from all annoye.

of Didaco, and Violenta,
He fillie man, right glad to see,
Her furie so represse:
With sacred bowe and plighted faith,
Accorded to her beste.
Thus while they both no truth at all,
But deepe dissembling ment:
Darke Nox with mantle black appoche,
And Phoebus race was spent,
And while the remnant of the night,
With speedie passage flies:
At last god Morpheus charmes attache,
Didacoes drousy eyes,
That able scarce to keepe awake,
His weary drouping head:
With Violenta croucheth downe:
Within his satall bed.
Then Janque rakes vp the fire,
And takes the light away:
And softly from the bed, she doth
Didacoes sword conuaye.
Nert that the cursed trayterous bitch,
Beneath the bed doth grope:
(As though she somwha' had to doe,)
And maketh fast the rope:
And marching to the chamber doze,
To gee her way doth sayne:
But hauing bard the same full fast,
Returneth in againe,

And

The tragicall historie

And so when Somnus deadly charmes,
Had all his vaines possest:
And thzonghly dzencht his beany limmes,
In gulfe of careles rest.
Precisely Jamque besturres,
her selfe in shade of night:
And into Violentas handes,
Directs the rope aright.
Who when shee had with nimble fyft,
bestowde the same full fast:
The end againe crosse thwart the bed,
To Jamque shee cast.
Who foulding it about her armes,
With bum flat clapt on floze:
Hoykes bp her feete against the bed,
To pull when he should sturre.
This done, her myffres takes in hand,
Her fatall caruing blade:
And scarching secretely, wheras
Th'assalt might soonste be made.
Forthwith his tender throte with knife,
So fiercely she doth pricke:
That glyding thzow, the poynt therof
Did in the pillowe sticke.
He sylle soule when first he felt,
The cursed stroke the strake:
With frustrate hands poze man he strives,
Resistance for to make,

Other.

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Wither with the deadly snaring rope,

His wittes did so appall:

That hand or foote to save him selfe,

He could not stirre at all.

And feeling este a second charge,

His naked throte upon:

Both strength to strue, and speech to speake,

Were quite bereft and gone.

Shæ like a vile Medea fell,

Her deuellish rage prouokes:

And on his wretched rented corps,

Redoubleth still her strokes.

So long with bent of trenching blade,

His martird limmes she tyzed:

Till that his senceles corps at last,

The grudging ghost erpyed.

Nowe, Janique my gire, quod shæ,

With speede prepare a light:

So shall we quickly see if that,

This feate be wrought aright.

Where hauing be wde with fire lookes,

His breathles corps at full:

The closed eyes from forth his head,

With scoztching knife doth pull.

And hauing throughly launc'te the same,

With many a griesely gashe:

At last with choler hotte enflamd,

Her venome forth doth flashe.

The tragicall historie
Resigne you trayterous lampes, I say,
The sort you erst possesse:
Come forth for aye, come forth: for there
You shall no longer rest.
Come forth from this your shameles siege,
Where you so long did bide:
For now we your fount of fained teares,
Is cleane exhaust and drie.
Then haling forth his senceles tongue,
With force of murtherous hand:
When she with many a monstrous flashe,
The forme thereof had scand.
O tickling tangling, tongue quod she,
That utteredst nought at all:
But deepe deceit in cloake of loue,
And hony mixt with gall.
How long didst thou tarmeyle in bayne,
With this thy cannon shotte:
O that of my Virginitie,
Thou hadst the conquest gotte.
Whereof depriued by thy meanes,
He hasten eke to death:
For hauing lost that precious gemme,
Nought profits vitall breath.
Then launching in a violent hole,
Into his swelling brest:
With tygers nayles she rents the hart,
From where it erst did rest.

And

of Didaco, and Violenta,
And haning caru'd the same at large.
With dent of launcing blade:
With thundering checks against the same,
Her inuective she made:
O hart moze hard then Adamant,
Whose Anduill did prepare:
The trapping toyles and gaging gynnies,
Which me poze gyle did snare.
Why could I not thy former thoughtes,
So perfectly descrie:
As thy materiall substance now,
I beue with perfect eye.
Then had I not poze wretch (alas)
In these thy trappes bene tane:
He had thy battery bined the bale,
Of my vnhappy bane.
This said she bathes her deuellish nayles,
Within his blond a freshe:
And cuts her curst anatomy,
Upon his mangled fleshe.
Then be wing all his other partes,
So long she weakes her tane:
That no one place in all his limmes,
Deuoyd of scarres was seene.
Now Ianique my deere she sayd,
This taske doth yet remaine:
That we this monstrous mangled beaſt,
Vnto the windowe traine.

The tragicall historie
For as by meanes of his deceyt,
By shame abroad is blowen:
So will I kee that this reuenge,
Should openly be known.
This sayd, they both the martird corpes,
Unto the windowe drewe:
And then with violent hands the same,
Vpon the pauement threwe.
Now take this golde my girle she sayd,
In guerdon of thy payne:
And speede thee hence into Africa,
And neuer come againe.
The mayde with teares doth take her leave,
And purposoe so to doe:
Long time before, although her dame,
Had not aduilde her so.
Which done this butcher frames her selfe,
Some quiet sleepe to take:
Because all night to worke her feale,
Shoe tooke such paynes to wake.
O monstrous hellish baggage, that forth
From Plutoes kingdome brake:
O hydreous hissing Hydra huge,
That lurkes in Lerna lake.
O bitch for sprong of serpents seede,
And not of humayne stocke:
But fosterd vp in desert groues,
Within some holowe rocke:

Where

of Didaco, and Violenta.

Where fostered thou wast with milke;
From ramping tygers dugged;
Which thou amongst the craggy cliffes,
With savage chappes didst tugge.
The raging senceles Lions broode,
Within themselves agree:
Detesting all against their makes,
Iniurious for to bee.
But thou deriu'd of humayne race,
Endued with reason to:
Aduenturest vpon such fates,
As they abhorre to doe.
O curtail curst, of woman kind,
Unworthy of the name:
But aye for to be bayted at,
With trumpe of blacke defame.
You Ladies all whose weeping eyes,
This bystozie peruse:
At rarenes of this monstrous fact,
No marueyle though ye muse.
But as the splendant blasing lampe,
Doth neuer burne so bright:
As when a darke some shade doth seeme,
For to eclipse his ligh.
So you, dære dames whose vertuous minds,
Abandon all such wayes:
By contrarie of this foule fate,
Deserue immortal prayse.

But

The Tragicall historie

But now this charge at last remaignes,
To prosecute the acte:
Although my mazed mynd abhorres,
So thinke vpon the face,
No sooner had the day appeared,
And Phoebus shone his head:
But that this monstrous murder straight,
Through all the towne was spred.
That great concourse from euery where,
Resorted to the place:
In mightie companies, to scanne,
The strangenes of the case.
But yet the sillie martirs face,
And limmes were mangled so,
That though the multitude were great,
Not one the man did know.
Some iudge there had a frag bene made,
And so the partie slaine:
Some this, some that, but none of all,
Could to the truth attaine.
She leaning all this while alone,
And beewing of the thronge:
At last with manly courage mou'd,
She steppes the prease among.
My maisters all (quod she) you see,
To diuersly to scanne:
With iudgements contrary, the case
Concerne this sayd man.

And

of Didaco, and Violenta.
And yet scarce two are of one mynde,
For some say that some this;
And eche man thinkes his verdit best.
But all the marke do misse.
The meaning of this mystery,
By me must be revealed:
Which else (no doubt) in couert wise,
Long time would lie concealed,
Therefore your listning eares I say,
Unto my words apply:
This is the Lord Didaco he,
That slaine on ground doth lye,
But first because it is requisite,
His friends the case should know,
Let them be straight accited, then
The effect of all ile shewe.
Whereon Didacos kinsfolkes all,
Were somoned to the place:
In presence of the Iudge, to heare
The scanning of the case:
Which done, this bellish Hydra forth,
Was led the strates throughtout:
Unto the iudgement hall, which then
Was pestered with the rout.
Where with a quiet countenance,
And conscience beyde of grudge:
She frames her loathsome long discourse,
In bearing of the iudge.

The Tragickall historie

Howe that the knight long fiftene monethes,
Had languisht styll in loue:
And neuer any rest attaynd,
His panges for to remoue.
But lingring long, and not of force,
His fancie to repressse:
That every day with thousand thoughts,
Augmented his distresse.
In fine resolu'd, what way he might,
His hotte consumption cure:
By sacred sollemne nuptiall bands,
He wanne me to his lure.
But hauing falsified at last,
His former plighted vobes:
He cast me of and chose elsone,
Another Dame to spouse.
Therefore because my fame by him,
Into the lapse was brought:
With helpe of Ianique my mayde,
This due reuenge I wrought.
Wherefore pronounce your righteous doome,
Of death vpon my acte:
Or else these hands of myne shall take,
Reuengement of the fate.
This sayd, she reasde, with grædie eyes,
Vpon the iudges bent:
Who with distilling teares amayne,
The beaue hap lament.

And

of Didaco, and Violenta.

And after due enquirie made,

The case so playne did lye:

That for'te they were by righteous dome,

To iudge this hagge to die.

From whence she was vnto the place,

Of execution led:

Where with the stroke of fatall blade,

Shee lost her cursed head.

And nowe this dolefull Tragedy,

To end, my muse decreed:

Enough to make a stonie hart:

With blackish teares to blæde.

Loe here you amorous knightes a glasse,

Wherein you plaine may belee,

The future fate and last euent:

That lovers liues ensue,

Why then enforce you not your selues.

Such humors to repress:

And to prevent by reasons loze,

The cause of your distresse.

With bydle of discretion seeke,

This fire for to allay:

That Phoebe may possesse the fort,

Where Venus bare the swaye.

Consider this, if wisdomes bit,

You desperately let fall:

You hazard rashely on the rocke,

Of euerlasting thral.

of Didaco, and Violenta.
Or else if long pursute, with teares,
Your remedie procure:
Yet commonly those wished ioyes,
Do neuer long endure,

The somme of both is this

Hap glad or sad, hap weale or woe,
Hap hoped ioy, or payne:
Yet both in this one issue end,
In loue nought is but vayne,

FINIS. (q) Thomas Achelley.



